

# A Serious Discourse between two lovers.

This Song will teach young Men to woo,

And shew young Maidens what to do;

Nay it will learn them to be cunning too.

To the Tune of, When Sol will cast no Light, Or, Deep in love.

By John Wade.



My pretty little Rogue  
do but come hither,  
With thee I'lle not colleague,  
if thou'll consider  
The pains for thee I'be took,  
Cupid so wounds me.  
But now I'me in the Brook,  
if thou dost not love me.

I'lle forsake all my kin,  
father and mother,  
I value not a pin,  
or any other;  
'Tis only thy sweet face  
the which doth move me,  
And I think thou hast some grace,  
and thou'll love me.

Withes I'lle promise none,  
nor no great treasure,  
Because I'lle do no wrong  
to thee my pleasure:

But all that e'er I have,  
thou shalt command it,  
And I'lle maintain thy habe,  
thou'st understand it.

My Lord nor yet my Bath  
shall not be broken,  
Then take this sugered kiss,  
in sign of loves taken.  
My heart is firm and true,  
then let pitty move thee,  
Ile not seek for a new,  
if thou'll but love me.

The Maid.  
Good Sir I thank you fine  
for what is spoken,  
But all's not gold that shines,  
and as for your token,  
I'll not it receive,  
though you do probe me,  
My joy thou'll ne'er bereave,  
for I cannot love thee.

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The second Part, To the same Tune.

Young Men can swear and lie,  
but who will believe them,  
All goodness they despise,  
and it ne'er grieves them,  
Only to tempt a Maid  
by their delusion,  
Therefore I am afraid  
'twill breed confusion.

A Maid had need beware  
that doth mean honest,  
Lest she falls in a snare  
when they do promise :  
For they will bow and swear  
they'll never leave you,  
But when they know your mind,  
then they'll deceive you.

Therefore I will be wise,  
lest I be taken,  
In a Fool's Paradise,  
and then be forsaken.  
I'll put no trust in man,  
to one nor other,  
Let them do what they can,  
it's were my brother.

The Man.

My Dear you do but jest,  
I may boldly speak it,  
Of all I love thee best,  
prythee so take it.  
There is no flesh alike  
ever shall move me,  
If thou will be my Will'e,  
I'll dearly love thee.

Her hands on thee shall tend,  
and come at thy pleasure,  
For I will be thy friend  
to bring thee treasure.  
What canst thou wish for more,  
then do but prove me,  
And thou shalt plainly find  
how dear I love thee.

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For means thou shalt not want,  
if I do gain thee,  
I have good house and land,  
for to maintain thee.  
I have good Sheep & C'p Field,  
and Beal's that's prob'ly  
All is at thy command,  
if thou'll be loving.

I'll give thee gold my dear,  
I'll give thee money,  
Then thou need'st not to fear,  
I'll be thy honey :  
No Lady in the Land  
ever shall move me,  
Thou'll have my heart and hand  
if thou'll but love me.

The Maid.

Your words are very fair,  
I much commend you,  
Seeing you are so fair,  
thus I'll bestow you :  
Though at first I was coy,  
'twas but to probe thee,  
Yet now I'll be thy joy,  
and dearly love thee.

The young man hearing this,  
by the hand took her,  
The bargain seal'd with a kiss,  
he ne'er forsook her.  
But strait to Church they went  
things were so carried,  
He gave his Love content,  
when they was married.

Thus all young Maids may find  
young men are honest,  
If they bear the like mind,  
true to their promise,  
But if they fallie,  
who can beliebe them ?  
And when they have lost their loves  
then it doth grieve them.